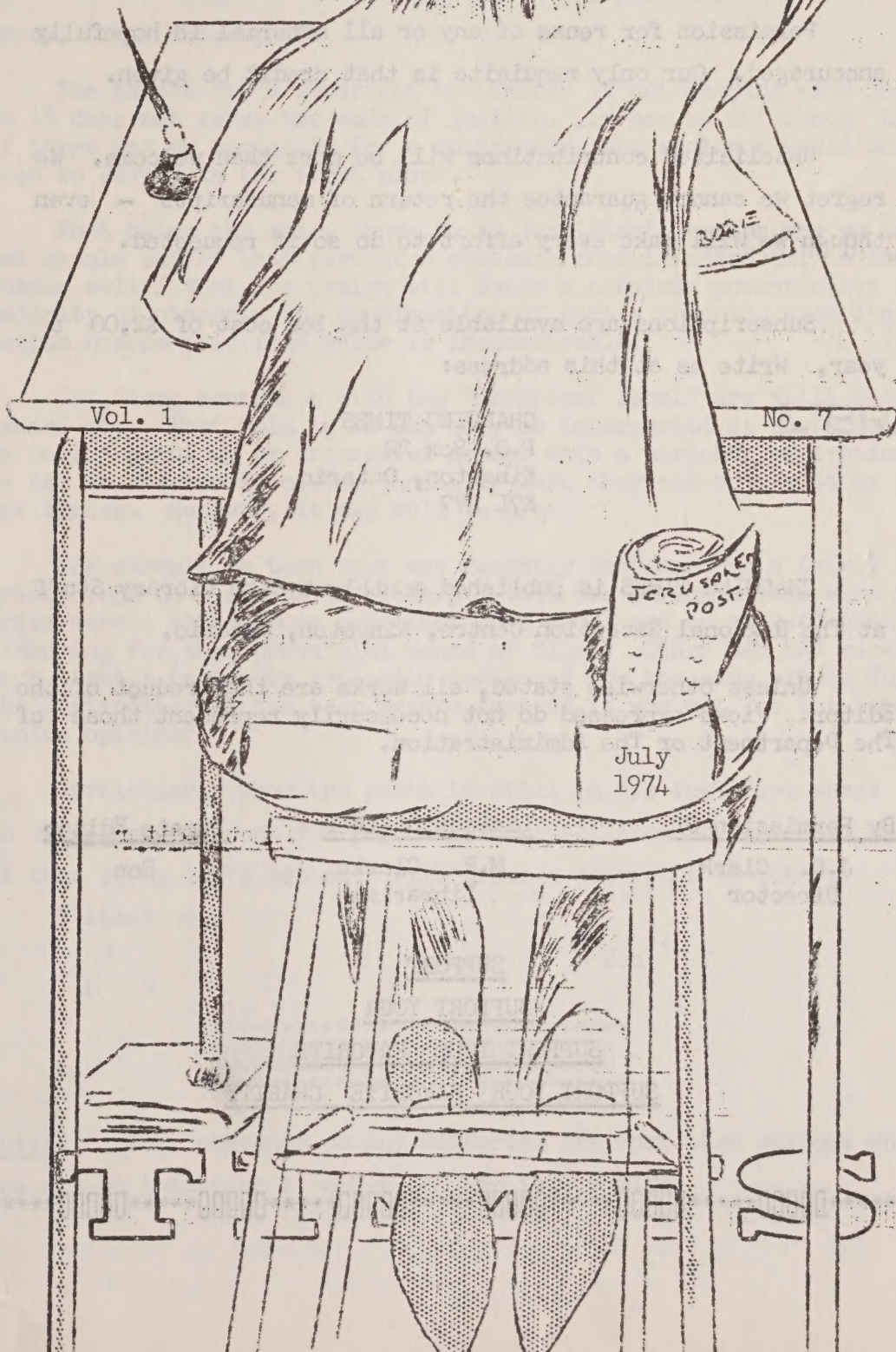


CHANGE



Written, edited and published by inmates, CHANGING TIMES is intended to act as a medium to bring about a better and lasting understanding among inmates - at the same time being an instrument of communication with the residents of the outside world.

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Unsolicited contributions will be more than welcome. We regret we cannot guarantee the return of manuscripts - even though we will make every effort to do so if requested.

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SUPPORT

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On many occasions when a judge sentences a man to a lengthy prison term, he qualifies his reason for such a long sentence as being partly a deterrent to others. That such deterrence has no substance in fact is established by the appalling numbers of men in our prisons today. In spite of the frequent sentencing of men to supposedly deterrent sentences, crime is rampant.

That being the case, there is no justifiable reason why an individual should suffer that part of a sentence that is added on, in the fallacious belief that its design will deter a nebulous potentiality in a majority of others. The continuation of such a practice when its application has no practical value is inconceivable.

For example, a teen ager was recently sentenced to a fairly heavy prison term on a charge of robbery. This was during a time when robberies were a little more prevalent than usual and an aroused public was clamoring for that proverbial pound of flesh. Other men had received much lighter (and more rational) sentences for the same crime. Why then the distinction in the teen ager's case if it was not for the benefit of public opinion?

I think not!

 00000000000000000000000000000000

Note: Your comments on any Editorial are more than welcome whether you are an inmate or a member of "the free world".

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" IS IT WORTH IT ? "

by JIMMY

For a select few, crime is a very lucrative profession. The other unfortunates are the ones I would like to tell you about - especially a real loser like myself.

This article is not meant to be the memoirs or confession of some hardened, incorrigible criminal. It will be plain and simple facts - about a guy who thinks that there has to be a better life than the one behind bars. There is a story involved here that may be taken as an appeal to the younger generation, which is just fine and will be welcomed with open arms.

It starts with myself as a boy of twelve, from a normal mid class family. My undramatic career as a criminal began one night with the plotting of a break, enter & theft at a local hardware store.

At two o'clock in the morning I climbed out of my bedroom window and proceeded to carry out my first crime. To my astonishment, it went off without a hitch. The loot was a conglomeration of paraphernalia - jackknives, cap pistols, etc. - that was of interest to youngsters of my age.

Later the same morning, it was off to school with a goodbye kiss from my Mother - and a pocket full of jackknives! It was unbelievable how many friends I bought that day for the nominal fee of one stolen jackknife!

My first encounter with the so called establishment (the law) came very shortly - on my lunch hour! My punishment was that proverbial slap on the wrist. A professional caper it wasn't, but, unknown to me, that was the beginning of my damnation.

It wasn't long before I became "that kid" in the neighborhood who was a "bad unfluence" on their sons. A fact unknown to most of them was that most of their sons were more than likely already involved in all the "bad things" I was doing - but

they had been lucky enough not to get caught. Fortunately, I stayed out of reform school and it wasn't until I reached the ripe old age of sixteen that I became susceptible to the adult court system.



In a matter of a few short weeks after my sixteenth birthday I had my first encounter with the courts - and my first experience of incarceration.

It was almost unbelievable!! I was still in high school at the time and the first three weeks I spent in jail were during summer vacation. My "career" got a real unexpected break when the judge levied a suspended sentence and a period of probation on me.

Rules, regulations and terms of probation were not for me, and it took almost a whole month for

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me to get arrested and charged again. My first jail sentence was imposed shortly thereafter and I was soon "doing time" in one of our Reformatories.

Reformatory life was a totally new experience for me and before long I had obtained all the available criminal education there was to be had. My release came a little more than a year later and I was ready for the outside world with a wealth of new information I had managed to obtain. Little did I realize that, in fact, getting further behind the eight ball!



Being a lot smarter this time, it took quite a while (almost six months) before I was on my way back for a refresher course!

The information I needed was readily available from the smart guys, the "jailhouse lawyers" who got caught only because of a fluke. They would certainly steer me in the right direction and give me a sure-fire method of avoiding detection on my next caper. I had managed to stay out a little longer this time - and then a very sad thing came to pass, a thing that I was sure would change my entire life.

Asleep in my cell one night, I was gently awakened by a guard and informed that my Mother had passed away.

Her death in itself was bad enough but devastating reality came mere hours later when I was sentenced to another reformatory term. Now I had to live in the knowledge that perhaps I was just a little responsible for her early demise. While I was serving that term, I made a promise to myself that I would never return to jail again as long as I lived.

In the years that followed, I had managed to keep that promise by living a decent married life, complete with a home and children. There was little I could desire.

Supposedly as I got older I got a little smarter - but as I am writing my story from behind bars, such was not the case.

My promise was broken and, as I had said, it was supposed to be for the rest of my life.

Ironically, I am now serving a life sentence and even though it may not be for the remainder of my natural life, it may just as well be.

In conclusion, I would like to "put it on the line" and appeal to anyone in the formative age group or anyone with a spark of interest in themselves.

I prefaced this article by asking "Is It Worth It"? That question should now be academic - the answer must be a resounding NO!

EDITORIAL NOTE

Regardless of what party is elected in the upcoming Federal election, won't it be nice to see it over and done with?

There's been so much hot air coming from the hustings that we started to think the sweltering days of Summer had arrived !

I have noticed that there has been a rash of articles telling people how to do it themselves. "How To Build Your Own Home..... How To Make Your Own Clothes.....How To Make Your Own Furniture..!" are just a few of the titles I have recently run across while reading magazines.

CHANGING TIMES, fulfilling its obligation to keep right on top of things, hereby presents, for the edification of our readers, the latest in the Do-It-Yourself craze - "How To Rob A Bank"!

The best way to rob a bank is with a gun! Some people try to use their finger stuck in their pocket, but I think a gun is better - in fact the best.

Always pick a bank containing money. Now I suppose that it would make one wonder how to know which banks have money and which banks don't. You've got to play it cagey. Go in and change a five dollar bill. If they can't change a fin, pass! If you haven't got a five buck bill, spend a few days following the manager. If it looks as though he is living beyond his means, pass! There's not any money in that banl!

When you are pulling your score, never order the manager to open the vault while you are pointing your gun at a teller. For instance, never say "Open that vault or I'll shoot this teller!" Tellers are a dime a dozen and you might have to let three or four have it before he took you seriously!

Before you leave, make sure you count the loot. If it's less than \$100.00 either the manager is holding out or you've made a mistake and held up Fishbeins Fish Market next door!

If the teller is pretty it is a good idea to take her as a hostage. If she isn't pretty, take her as a favour to the manager! Upon leaving the bank it

is a good idea to get away. You can walk away, you can run away, you can ride away - or you can simply cut your braces and go straight up! I would advise a fair amount of thought be given to riding away. I think the best mode of transportation is a car. A bicycple is too slow, a motorcycle is too noisy and a unicycle is too conspicuous!

After you have made your successful get away, the best thing to do is spend the money. If you still have that good looking hostage with you, this will present no problem! If you don't spend the money, the bank is only going to get it back when you get caught anyway. And, if you don't get caught and you are't going to spend the money, what in hell are you doing out robbing banks in the first place?



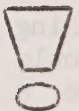
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"THE DIAMOND"F
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"Where is it?"

"Hey, lay off; you're choking me!"

"I never touched the thing. I seen you put it in your pocket."

"And I tell you it ain't!"

"Go through all your pockets" broke in the usually calm "Mr. Big" Lou Dietrich, irritated by the disappearance of the diamond for whose theft he'd supplied Jake all necessary details and had promised no less than ten thousand dollars on delivery - a small sum compared to the amount the gem, for which was all ready spoken for by a private sale, would bring him. "I thought you had more brains than to take a kid along anyway. What's that lump you call a head for? Why couldn't you have taken one of the boys?"

"Look, boss, my job was to get the thing. Right? How I got it was my business as long as I did. Besides, why should I split ten grand with anybody just to act as a lookout when I could use this kid for only a hundred bucks?"

As he spoke he emptied his pockets of money, cigars, matches, a dog-eared racing form - and a pair of dice - which bounced promptly to seven when rolled on the table. Then, pounding on the table, and disregarding the dice which rolled to eleven, he exclaimed, "See! Now do you believe me?"

"What's that bulge in your pocket?"

"My gun."

Running a well-manicured finger pensively along his moustache, Lou Dietrich commented, "I find this strange, very strange." Beneath his raised eyebrows, his eyes narrowed. "Could it be that you have other ideas since getting the diamond?"

"Ideas...! What do you mean?"

"Like trying to peddle the stone to someone else! You will never be able to get rid of it to anyone but me, Jake - or have you forgotten who I am? Remember I didn't get to be a rich man as a result of being particularly careful about my methods!" His tone of voice slipped from one of matter-of-fact modulation to one of harshness. "I'm warning you Jake; you're wasting your time as well as mine with all this comedy. You know I hate being disappointed, especially where money is concerned." Moving towards the door he pulled on his gloves and, very casually added, "I understand Red and Luke haven't had much to do lately!"



"You think I'm cooking all this up? Are you crazy, boss?"

"Good day, Jake. I'm a busy man. If you should come to your senses before midnight, you know where to reach me. After that it will be too late - someone else will do the reaching!"

For a long minute Jake stared

at the door which had been slammed, sharply, in his face. Then he turned slowly toward his young companion of the evening.

"You heard him. kid. He thinks I'm trying to pull a fast one. Now, tell me, what in hell did you do with the diamond?"

"What did I do with it? I don't know nothing about it, Jake. I was watching at the window all the time, just like you said to do!"

"Take off your clothes!"

"What for?"

"Okay, Okay," Jimmy returned - starting with his pants, then shirt and jacket, all done with much alacrity.



Picking up the garments, Jake went through every pocket, shook them violently swore as nothing but a tarnished dime fell out. With an oath of disgust, he hurled the clothes back at the youngster.

"Listen, kid, don't you understand..? I'm in a spot...a spot, you hear! Not only do I lose my ten grand but, like the boss said, Luke and Red ain't done a hell of a lot lately and the boss, you know, is not above having me wiped out. He's sore, real sore. Let me tell you something, kid, not only do I wish for that dough, I sure am not anxious to get liquidated! Maybe you

don't know it, but I'm allergic to all kinds of water - particularly **that** type at the bottom of a river! Now come on - where is that rock?"

"Geez! How many times I gotta tell you I haven't got it?"

Along Jake's neck, the cord-like muscles tightened, his lips hugged each other into a thin, hard line. He rolled up his sleeves and stepped threateningly forward.

Jimmy's fingers froze on the shirt button he was refastening; he backed towards the wall, moved along it behind the chair, the table, the chesterfield - and trapped himself in a corner!

"You searched me, Jake. You seen I haven't got it. Don't hit me, Jake... Don't!"

But Jimmy's protests were useless against the blind fury that sent Jake's huge fists slamming, time after time, against his face and body.

"Jake, please don't hit me anymore. I'm only a little guy! I.....!"

Another blow swelled his eye.

"Now, kid. Where is it?"

"For God sakes, leave me alone. You wanna kill me or sumthin'?"

"The diamond, kid; the diamond!"

"Geez! Geez! Geez! How many times I gotta tell you; I ain't touched it."

The punch was so swift, the kid couldn't duck fast enough. As his head hit the wall, his knees buckled - and he slid slowly to the floor.

"Listen, kid, I'm getting tired of slapping you around! You've never had a hundred dollars, have you? Come up with the diamond and I'll double it - I'll give you two hundred!"

"I'd tell you in a minute where it was if I knew!"

"Look, kid, there was only you and I. I had that #\$((\$ diamond when we

came into this room and I ain't got it now. I turned this damned place upside down and I ain't found it. I'm pretty sure it ain't on you now - but, you know where it is. You must know. Now, I'll tell you what - I'll give you three hundred bucks! You'll be a hero, the richest kid on your block. Now, how about it?"

Jimmy looked up and spread his hands in hopeless futility.

"All right! Four hundred!..... I'll give you four hundred dollars!"

"What's the use? I simply don't know where the diamond is."

Glowering down at him, Jake walked to the other side of the room - all the time emitting animalistic-like sounds from deep within his chest. All at once he rushed at Jimmy like an enraged bull.

"Five hundred bucks! It's my last offer. With all that dough, you'll be a big shot; you won't have to shine shoes for Tony no more. There's all kinds of things you can do with that kind of money. You..."

"But, I don't know where the diamond is! Honest, I don't know!"

"You are a very stubborn kid, Jimmy... and you're making me hot!" He reached into his hip pocket.

"Wh..What..are you going to do?"

"What am I going to do? I'm going to count three, real slow, so you can think of where you hid that diamond."

"And, if I can't tell you.....like I can't?"

"Then, I'm going to blow your \$\$\$%\$\$\$ head off!" He yanked the big black gun and pointed it toward the ceiling.

"Don't shoot, Jake, don't! You really wouldn't shoot me, would you?"

"One...!"

"Please, Jake, don't shoot. I swear I don't know where the diamond is. I'm just a kid! I told....."

"Two...!"

Wracking sobs convulsed Jimmy's skinny body from head to toe. Bleared by watery eyes, the vision of the gun in Jake's hand loomed to twice as big as it really was. He gaped at what appeared to be an enormous hole when the weapon slowly descended. It gave him a feeling of gut terror like something he had never felt before.

"Don't shoot! I'll tell you. I know where the diamond is!!!"

"Hah! Now you're being smart!! Well, come on, where is it?"

In Jimmy's mouth, the words tripped and fell but stumbled finally by his unsteady lips..."Th...There!..."

"Where?"

"There!"

"Now you're trying to be smart. It's not going to help, you know."

"N..No..No, I'm not. Look and see for yourself."

As to his tormentor looked where he pointed, Jimmy snatched his clothes and raced breathlessly into the night

Jake didn't mind. His eyes were glued to the glittering facets of the diamond - jammed inside the barrel of his gun!



HAVE A NICE, SAFE SUMMER

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Awards totalling \$3,890.00 were recently made to inmate artists, writers and craftsmen by the judges of Prison Arts 74.

The Prison Arts Foundation is a national arts project established to encourage creative activity in the prisons, and to provide educational and rehabilitative opportunities.

With special thanks to Mrs. D.F. Knetchel, Executive Director, we are pleased to announce the winners - with a sincere congratulations to all who participated.

The top prizes were two \$1,000.00 scholarships provided by Chubb Industries Limited and the Audrey S. Hellyer Foundation.

The first scholarship was won by Edward J. Kubara, Stoney Mountain Institution, Manitoba for his collection of oil paintings.

The second was divided between two writers of equal standing: Les Grant, The Lower Mainland Correctional Centre, far to the West in Burnaby, B.C., for prose and Albert Simpson, Regional Reception Centre, St. Anne des Plaines, P.Q. for poetry.

Arts, crafts and creative writing entries numbered 315. Other winners picked were:

ARTS

Ontario Ministry Of Correctional Service
Robin Bouvette, Rideau Correctional Centre - \$100.00 for his oil "Two Towers"

Hallmark Cards Awards For Painting

First prize - Michel Pellus, Leclerc Institution - \$250.00 - "The Garden"

Second Prize - Eric Lifton, now released - \$150.00 - photograph "Snow"

Third Prize - Max Palmerston, Burtch Correctional Centre - \$100.00 - "A Mexican Village"

John Howard Society Of Canada Award

Louis Art Levesque, Leclerc Institution - \$100.00 - painting; "Transition"

Warner Lambert Of Canada Limited

Gerry Clement, Stoney Mountain Institution, Manitoba - \$100.00 - collection of sketches.

Xerox Of Canada Limited

Roger Williams, Brandon Correctional Institution - \$50.00 - a sketch titled "The Beginning? The End!"

Guy D'Aoust, Landry Crossing Correctional Camp - \$50.00 - Tibetan Buddhist Art.

Prison Arts Foundation

Michel Pellus, Leclerc Institution. \$50.00 - for all his oil paintings.

CRAFTS

Canadian Penitentiary Service

Skee - B.C. Penitentiary - \$250.00 for soapstone chess set.

St. Leonard's Society Of Canada

William Jarvis, Collins Bay Institution - \$25.00 - "The Meet", a geometrical string design.

Joe Chaloupka, Warkworth Institution - \$25.00 - carved chess set.

Tandy Leather Company Of Canada Limited

Camil, Leclerc Institution - \$50.00 for all leatherwork.



Warner-Lambert Canada Limited

Patrick Jefferies, B.C. Penitentiary, New Westminster, B.C. - \$ 50.00 for a Slatestone sculpture "Mary and Joseph".

E.G. Moulton, Joyceville Institution - \$50.00 - Petitpoint - "Persian Garden"

Transair Limited

Towatugak, Yellowknife Correctional Centre - \$100.00 - Soapstone loon.

Prison Arts Foundation

Sludge Jo Puddleduck, Warkworth Institution - \$50.00 - various entries.

WRITING

Prison Arts Foundation - Prose - \$10.00 each

Robert Eby, Dorchester Penitentiary
Harold Mercer, new released
Robin Bouvette, Rideau Correction Centre
D.F. McDohald, Joyceville Institution
Roger LaPorte, Archambault Institution

Pilot Club Of Brantford - Poetry - \$10.00 each

Lawrence Commodore, Stave Lake Camp, Burnaby, B.C.
David Dunham, Stave Lake Camp, Burnaby, B.C.
Edmund Watts, Matsqui Institution
Gerry Clement, Stoney Mountain Penitentiary
James A. Johnston, Warkworth Institution.

Warner-Lambert Canada Limited

S. Allan Mann, now released - \$100.00 - a play

Elizabeth Fry Society Of Canada

Etienne Boisjoli - \$90.00

MUSIC

Prison Arts Foundation

Johnny Crosby, Leclerc Institution - \$25.00 - musical composition
"Chaindrive" a musical group from Matsqui Institution for their musical composition, "The Dawning Sun" - \$25.00

CONGRATULATIONS TO EVERYONE

Editor's Note

Special plaudits must be given to The Prison Arts Foundation for their truly unselfish expenditure of time on our behalf.

Take a bow, people - you're truly a friend of the inmate.

League Commissioner, Lou. Vigna, abetted by the Sports Committee , came up with a new schedule, appointed a manager for The All Star Team and had every good hope of getting things underway on July 11th.

All League Games will be played in the evening and on weekends... The All Stars (as yet unnamed) will be playing a series of games with selected teams from the outside. Needless to say, they will play all "home" games!

Mickey "The Lip" has agreed to take on the manager's job of the All Star Team and will, no doubt, bring out the best in what talent he has. One thing I can guarantee: when Mickey hollers out instructions of any kind no one will be able to say they did not hear him! They'll even hear him in Joyceville if the wind is right.

[illegible]

For some reason, of which I am not aware, there is no news to report from your Inmate Committee this month.

I am sure some explanation will be forthcoming before our next issue.

Bob

[illegible]

BOB'S

REEZE

That mini series of Bobby Gentry's lasted four weeks. That is twenty seven days longer than her farce of wedded bliss! Even at that, it would seem her marriage was the more successful of the two!.....Did you know that we had a genuine AITO in our midst for a couple of weeks? No, that's not a Japanese camera!..... Tony Orlando and Dawn, also in a mini series showed promise of a really entertaining group -- with but one exception. Orlando must have been reading an old Steve Allen script. He wanted to be in the spotlight all the time.....Good to see Oscar Peterson on CTV for the summer. He really comes across.....Patty Hearst?...Who's she?.....Joyce Davidson is coming back to Canadian TV (CFTO) as a hostess. Want to bet she doesn't interview David?.....CBC lost a talented man with the passing of James M. Minifie.....What a job Lauren Bacall did in "Applause"! (That girl's got better movement than a swiss watch!).....Maggie Trudeau wasn't the only good looker on the recent hustings. Mimi Stanfield won't have to take any back seat to anyone..... Some of those politicians will have to live four hundred years to keep all the promises they made!..... Real good article in The Kingston News on July 4 about the Expos, of Montreal, and overmanagement. Pick it up if you can..... What happened, Bunny? We thought you'd changed your mind(that's a local joke, folks!).....With all the preparations going on for the sailing portion of the '76 Olympics, wouldn't it be kind of a nice gesture if we did something to improve the appearance of the West wall -- like taking it down, for instance!..... Good coverage

of The World Cup Soccer -- but why couldn't the final game have been shown live?..... Renovations have finally started in our Library. The finished product may surprise a few people. Let's make sure we appreciate it.....Maybe some thought will be given to doing something about the atrocious accoustics in the Recreation Building..... Henry Fonda recently had a Pacemaker implanted in his chest but appears to be well on that proverbial road to recovery.....I see where Cassius Clay is protecting himself. He recently announced that he will retire after the Foreman fight regardless of the outcome. I don't think he's going to have a choice!.....The World Football League seems to be off to a flying start and drawing tremendous crowds. Maybe the innovations they have introduced is just what football needs.....Many "old timers" wouldn't recognize our little "home" what with all those pastel colors, etc., etc.....It's not a case of whether the N.Y. Rangers can control Derek Sanderson. The question is can Derek Sanderson control Derek Sanderson?.....The return of Ken Dryden does not necessarily mean The Canadians are a cinch for first place.....Since we are temporarily dispossessed, I know what it means to work in a closet!.....I am toying with the idea of instituting a monthly award. To be known as "The Outhouse Award" it would go to an individual or group possessing the most underwhelming personality each month!..... When's Don Harron (as Charlie Farquharson) going to write another book?.....I sure would like to see a copy of the magazine from the P of W!.....No matter what we may think of incarceration, can you think of a better method of birth control!.....See where Frank Sinatra caused quite a controversy at his recent appearance in Australia. No matter who was right or who was wrong, it showed a glaring lack of diplomacy on both sides.....Take it slow!

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So, little man, you've grown tired of grass,
Cocaine, L.S.D., Pot and Hash?
And someone, pretending to be a true friend,
Has said "I'll introduce you to Miss Heroin!"

Well, honey, before you start fooling with me,
Just let me inform you of how it will be;
I'll entice you, seduce you and make you my slave,
I've sent men much stronger than you to their grave.

You think you could never become a disgrace,
And end up addicted to poppy=seed waste?
You start inhaling me, one afternoon -
Into your arms you'll take me real soon.

And once I have entered deep into your veins,
The craving will drive you nearly insane;
You'll need lots of money, have not you been told -
I'm much more expensive than silver or gold?

You'll swindle your Mother, then, just for a buck
You'll turn into something so vile and corrupt
You'll mug and you'll steal for my narcotic charms,
And feel so content when I'm in your arms.

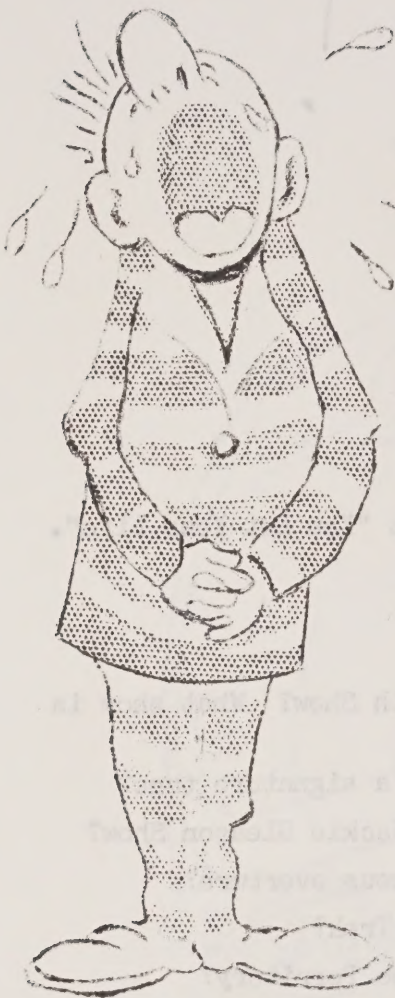
The day when you realize what a monster you've grown,
You'll solemnly promise to leave me alone;
If you think that you've got the mystical knack,
Then, sweetie, try getting me off of your back!

The vomit, the cramps - guts tied in a knot,
Your jangling nerves scream for just one more shot;
The hot sweats, the cold chills, the withdrawing pains,
Can only be saved by my little white grains.

There's no other way, and there's no need to look,
For, deep down inside you know you are hooked;
You'll welcome me back in your arms once again,
And say to yourself, "I've found a true friend!"

And when you return, as I had foretold
I know that you'll give me your body and soul;
You'll give me your morals, your conscience, your heart,
And you will be mine UNTIL DEATH DO US PART!

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All inmates of institutions have "beefs", complaints and grievances - some real, some imaginary.

A monthly feature, written by my gregarious buddy, Mickey. What better title.....

" THE CRYING CORNER "

As I sit here in my little "house", the tears run down my cheeks in rivulets of frustration as I ponder a true enigma - an archaic law of the Penitentiary Act.

When an inmate commits the crime of Escape he can be charged under three different sections of the criminal code: [1] Jailbreak [2] Escaping Custody [Unlawfully at Large].

For any of these three offences, you are sentenced TWICE - once in a court of law outside and a second time by the Administration inside.

The usual sentence "outside" runs between 6 months and 2 years while the "inside" sentence varies as to the amount of time you are serving. To put it bluntly, you lose your remission.

I don't think anyone wants to pay twice for a pork chop (not these days anyway!). Neither do I want to pay twice for the same crime. The sentence for escape should be handled either by one court or the other, not both.

We are supposed to be living in a modern world, yet most of our Federal Penitentiary laws are archaic. We are a growing country that, even now and more so in the future, the world at large will look to for leadership. Let's not lead them in the wrong direction with outdated laws and institutions.

It should be brought to the attention of the public just how far outdated some of the laws are. If the average citizen was to read The Penitentiary Act, he would be shocked to realize a lot of the archaic laws are still in use.

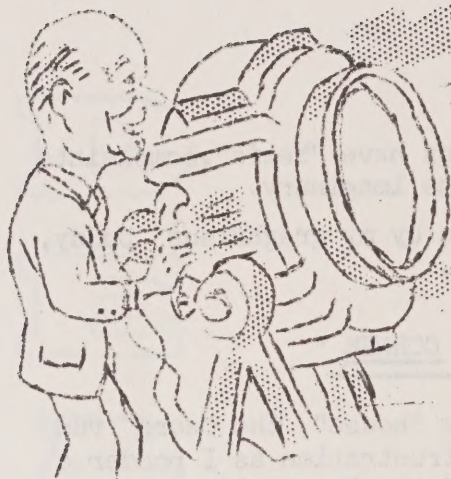
If you had a job in the free world and the boss berated or belittled you, I am doubtful if you would do your job properly. But, if he treated you with respect, it goes without saying that you would show respect in return. It's the same here. If the Administration would show us respect, we, in turn, would respect them.

We in here can do so little but you, out there, can do so much. We need your assistance to defeat old rules and regulations, rules and regulations that do more harm than good.

Let us hope the future sees these things rectified. But, the only way it can be done is with your cooperation - you, the people, so let's get together and do it. Talk is cheap - what we need is action!

Your comments will be welcome. See you next month.

Mickey



SHOW BIZ QUIZ

1. Groucho Marx is well remembered for his TV Quiz "You Bet Your Life". Who was his announcer?
2. What was Johnny The Page Boy calling for?
3. Who was the ringleader of The Dead End Kids?
4. Who played the part of Opie in The Andy Griffith Show? What show is he presently starring in?
5. What song did Roy Rogers and Dale Evans use as a signature tune?
6. Who played the part of Crazy Guggenheim on The Jackie Gleason Show?
7. The Lone Ranger's theme song came from what famous overture?
8. What Canadian actor portrayed "Scotty" in Star Trek?
9. What was the name of the newspaper in "Tombstone Territory"?
10. Before his roles in "The Beverly Hillbillies" and "Barnaby Jones", Buddy Ebsen was the right hand man of a famous frontiersman. What was his name?
11. Who portrayed "Sgt. Bilko"? What was the name of his show?
12. Who played the part of "The Cisco Kid"?

1.	George Fenneman	7.	William Tell Overture
2.	Phillip Morris	8.	Jim Doohan
3.	Leo Gorcey	9.	The Tombstone Epitaph
4.	Ronny Howard.	10.	Davey Crockett
5.	Happy Trails	11.	Phil Silvers. You'll Never Get Rich
6.	Frank Fontaine	12.	Duncan Renaldo



YOU DON'T HAVE TO HOP ON A BUS AND RIDE ALL THE WAY DOWN HERE JUST TO GET YOUR COPY OF "CHANGING TIMES". NO SIR! YOU GET YOURS DELIVERED RIGHT TO YOUR DOOR.

BUT, HOW ABOUT YOUR FRIENDS (come on now, you must have at least one!). I AM SURE THEY WOULD GET JUST AS MUCH ENJOYMENT FROM IT AS YOU DO. WHY NOT DRAW IT TO THEIR ATTENTION? BETTER STILL, WHY NOT SEND THEM A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION?

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